UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Superstition, Belief and Faith

Part II *By* CLARENCE R. SKINNER

Trip Through the Backyard of China to Russia

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Civics—Military Style

By DEVERE ALLEN

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV. Chapter IV

By M. K. GANDHI

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C MONDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1927 NUMBER 6

ON THE BASIS OF BELIEF

I am now convinced that no great improvements in the lot of mankind are possible until a great change has taken place in the fundamental constitution of their mode of thought. The old opinions in religion, morals, and politics are so much discredited in the more intellectual minds as to have lost the greater part of their efficacy for good.

When the philosophical minds of the world can no longer believe its religion, or can only believe it with modifications amounting to an essential change of its character, a transitional period sets in, of weak convictions, paralyzed intellects, and growing laxity of principle, which cannot terminate until a renovation has been effected in the basis of their belief, leading to the evolution of some faith which they can really believe; and when things are in this state, all thinking and writing which does not tend to promote such a renovation is of very little value beyond the moment. (Autobiography p. 239). *—John Stuart Mill.*

UNITY announces with deep regret the death of its representative in China, Gilbert Reid. Dr. Reid has been ill for months—all of our recent letters from him were written in the hospital at Shanghai. But his interest in Chinese happenings was intense, as articles in these columns have shown, and to the end he was thinking and caring only for China and her great future, as an independent power. This was inevitable in view of Dr. Reid's long and heroic identification with the Chinese people. Going to the Orient as a Presbyterian missionary in 1882, he soon became interested in the larger aspects of the political and diplomatic problems in China, as well as the religious. Concerned for years with the fostering of better relations between Chinese and foreigners, he early began to conceive of a free China, rid of concessionaires and master in her own house. In 1894, he established the International Institute in Shaighai, which has played a central part in all that has occurred in China in recent years. From the beginning, Dr. Reid believed in the Chinese people and in their civilization, and worked and prayed for their deliverance from the bondage of western exploitation. His valor and utter devotion are attested by numerous incidents in his career. Thus, in the early days of his missionary labors he was caught in a popular uprising, stoned by a mob, and left by the roadside for dead. He was active throughout all the days of the Boxer uprising and was badly wounded at the siege of Peking. During the Great War, he attracted world-wide attention by his opposition to China's entrance into the struggle. He knew perfectly well, of course, that China was not acting of her own free will or in service of her own interests, but, on the contrary, under dictation of the European Allies for their own selfish imperialistic purposes. Furthermore, Dr. Reid was a thorough-going pacifist, and was thus convinced that no good to China nor to any other nation could come out of the war. His outspoken writings and addresses created a tremendous stir, and finally brought about his deportation to Manila as a pro-German propagandist. After a brief visit to America, Dr. Reid returned in 1921 to Shanghai, where he remained until his death. His pacifist ideals led him into sore difficulties in the matter of the recent struggle for Chinese independence. A close friend of Dr. Sun, an ardent sympathizer with the Cantonese, he yet could not support their resort to armies and battles against the northern forces. Months ago, he prophesied the defeat, if not the ruin, of the cause by the militarists who were being fostered in its ranks. Anna Louise Strong's letters in UNITY have offered melancholy confirmation of his prejudgment. Dr. Reid gave his all to the Chinese people. He so identified himself through so many years with their life and ways, that he came in time to look like a Chinese himself. When he died, the newspapers labeled him "China's friend." How beautiful an epitaph!

The most important news in the religious world today is that which has come out of China. At a recent conference in Shanghai, we are told, ninety-four Chinese delegates, representing sixteen different Protestant Christian denominations, took the first step in abolishing all sectarian lines in religious organization and work. It was voted, that is, to dissolve the old status of competing denominational churches, and to establish in its place the one all-inclusive "Church of Christ in China." This decision, runs the news, writes *finis* to the work of the Presbyterian, Congregational and other Protestant missionary bodies as carried on for generations past in the areas affected. No longer are there to be sectarian divisions between professing Christians, and no longer are the churches and mission-stations to be in charge of alien representatives of Protestant denominational bodies in America and elsewhere. Henceforth these churches will be in the

hands of native leaders, and together will form "one body in Christ." It is to the high credit of many of the missionaries and of the home organizations which they represent, that they approve and actively support this epoch-making step toward Christian unity. Surely nothing more inspiring has happened in many a long day. Here more than 1,000 Protestant churches in sixteen provinces, representing over a third of all the Protestant Christians in China, agree to drop their separate names and their separate exclusive establishments and dwell together in unity! If Chinese Christians can do this, why not American Christians and European Christians? If a Shanghai conference can thus end competition and strife, why can not a Lausanne conference do the same, Never did that Lausanne affair appear so utterly shameful as in the light of these glorious achievements in a so-called heathen land. After nineteen hundred years of betrayal in the West, Christ would seem to be coming to his own at last in the despised and rejected East. How noble the statement of these Chinese brethren—that they must "dismiss denominationalism and creedal strife, and set no limits to the activity of God's spirit in the wide sphere of human life."

France is a baffling country. At the very time when her militarism is at its worst, she buried the arch-pacifist, Jaurès, in the Pantheon. Recently she has been giving unmistakable signs of moderation in foreign policy and international procedure generally, which were duly set forth and praised in these columns. No sooner was the editorial type in print, however, than Poincarè made one of his most highly incendiary Sunday speeches, and a piece of news reached us so bad in character as to be wellnigh incredible. This news, to which we refer, appeared in a dispatch in the Manchester *Guardian,* headed "The Military Spirit in France." Starting out with the assertion that "symptoms of militaristic revival in France become more and more numerous," the *Guardian* correspondent went on to specify certain measures taken by Mr. Painlievé, Minister of War, to deal with public insults to army officers. In a recent circular on the subject, M. Painlevé instructed officers to call on the police to arrest persons insulting them, and if no police were available to arrest such persons themselves. Soldiers were ordered to arrest their officers in such cases. Considering what a sergeant or even a colonel, swollen by a sense of his importance, might consider an insult to be, these instructions would seem to promise an interesting life for French civilians. The prospect revives all the old familiar stories about Prussian officers in the great and glorious days of the Kaiser. It brings to mind certain happenings not altogether infrequent here in America. Army officers are much the same everywhere, and may be counted upon to abuse to the uttermost any privileges of pride and power committed to their discretion. One would like to hear that Frenchmen are protesting against these outrageous orders of the War Minister, but such seems not to be the case. On the contrary, *Liberté* declares that M. Painlevé has not gone far enough. It asks that he sieze all anti-militarist publications, treat all anti-militarist propaganda as a criminal offense, and restore the weekly military tattoos through the streets of Paris. All this is pretty bad. Our one comfort is that such extremities would seem to indicate that public contempt for the military must be dangerously on the increase in France. We hope so!

Two weeks ago we commented upon the newspaper stories preceding the meeting of the American Legion in Paris. We would now note the newspaper stories which accompanied and followed this meeting. Some reporters commend the delegation of fifteen or twenty thousand Legionaires for their good manners and decorum. They report only fifteen arrests, mainly for drunkenness, and only half-a-hundred fist fights in Montmartre of sufficient violence to prompt interference. The reports seem to indicate that liquor drinking was general, and only those whose drunkenness made them altogether disorderly were given other than amused attention. Like certain other Americans abroad, the Legionaires thus helped to demonstrate the wisdom and, indeed, the necessity of the prohibition of the liquor traffic at home. An English visitor, returned from his American tour not long ago, reproached Europe with not discerning that the American climate is such as to make it unsafe for the American population to have access to intoxicating liquors. While condemning any effort to apply Prohibition to European states, he would have his fellow-Europeans believe the measure eminently wise for America. We do not know about this. May be this is sound reasoning, and may be it is not! Manifest it is, at any rate, that many Americans sorely need restraint upon their appetites. Their excesses while abroad only fix the prohibitory legislation more securely on the statute books at home, and render more imperative its rigid enforcement in the home territory. Probably the Legionaires went abroad, in some considerable degree attracted by French cafés and liquors. But the return to France was not a bad idea. General Pershing proposes that the migration be repeated upon each tenth anniversary. Why not go to Berlin next time, and make a complete and conclusive demonstration that the war is over, and the regime of international amity and good-will irrevocably established? Is this what the Legion wants?

The Frankenstein of modern American society would seem to be its police and courts. As for the crime-wave, these appear to be it, in the final analysis. The police and the courts do not suppress crime; they

create it. In a recent number of *Harper's,* a lawyer who can hold his peace no longer cries out against the usurpations of the judges in the use of the "contempt of court" prerogative. By invoking this right on the bench, and by going beyond its legal prescription and intention, the judges succeed in constituting themselves not only judge, but jury, attorney, and utter and inviolate potentate, not only within the court room but in the speech and conduct of citizens in their daily walks about their avocations. This lawyer cites most amazing demonstrations of this usurpation, and shows how this practice is not only robbing citizens of their constitutional rights, but inciting to lawlessness. Now follows in the October number of the same magazine a notable article by Oswald Garrison Villard, of the *Nation,* who lodges such an indictment against the police of New York and other American cities as must set the nerves of every reader a-tingle. He details, with the use of names and citations of verifiable data, the most outrageous excesses by the police in the use of the so-called "third degree." This term covers torture which must make the ghost of Torquemada turn green with envy, and with regret for his lost opportunities. Though Mr. Villard does not say so, we believe these malignant practices on the part of the police can, in turn, be traced to the confirmed delinquencies of the courts. The public has been restive under the ease with which thugs and gunmen escape. The police are immediately in sight, and they have been getting the public censure for manifest and scandalous looseness in judicial procedure. The police have found that the courts demand a type of evidence which can only be secured by the third degree. They have been themselves hounded into the practice of torture. We hope the public will be aroused, and will become intelligent.

The controversy at the Princeton Theological Seminary is long and intense. It seems to be nearing a climax. Perhaps it would be more correct to say, another climax. The antagonists are two camps of Fundamentalists. By mutual consent and with general approval Modernism is not involved. The extreme Fundamentalists who have always esteemed themselves to be in control of this oldest and wealthiest ministerial training school of the Presbyterian Church U. S. A., are about to lose control. Against the most vigorous protests from the ultra-conservatives, the General Assembly of the church last May ordered the reorganization of the institution, assigning the business, with mandatory instructions, to a committee, the chairman of which is Dr. William O. Thompson, Emeritus President of the Ohio State University, a Presbyterian minister, and the Moderator of the General Assembly last year. He was also chairman of the Assembly's committee which brought in the report recommending the proposed thorough-going reorganization at Princeton. The protestants cannot repudiate the authority of the General Assembly, for they have, in season and out, acclaimed that same authority as against those who, by other means from time to time, would have effected a degree of reform in Princeton and other seminaries of the Presbyterian Church. During the bitter controversies centering in the Union Theological Seminary in New York, all good Princetonians were scandalized by Union's repudiating the authority of the General Assembly. The charter of Princeton Seminary and the unbroken tradition of more than a century fully establishes the authority of the General Assembly. Now the cry is not a repudiation of the "pope," but an appeal from the pope drunk to the pope sober. The ultra-conservatives are sure that the rank and file of the ministry and the membership do not understand what is going on, what precious traditions are being violated, how fatal will be the loss to "the faith once delivered" if the present proposed vandalism is perpetrated. In the meantime the seminary year has opened with almost the largest enrollment of its history. How is this to be accounted for? It would probably take a Philadelphia lawyer to explain.

Superstition, Belief and Faith

II. Superstition

I shall define superstition as a non-rational acceptance of any statement, dogma or supposed fact which has come to people through hearsay, but which is not based on reality.

There are three outstanding characteristics of superstitution which we need to note for the purposes of this discussion. First, it does not spring from a process of reasoning and logic, but is largely non-reflective. Folk-ways have immense authority with multitudes of people and therefore what has come down through the ages is accepted without criticism. The dead weight of the past, and the tremendous pressure of majority opinion enslave the mind and paralyze effort in the direction of courageous and lonely thinking.

It is not strange that superstition is widespread and difficult to uproot, because it is only within comparatively recent times that there has been any popular interest in the process of thought. Men like Prof. James Robinson and John Randall, Jr., of Columbia have shown how the mind of today is made of layers of mental deposits reaching far back into the past. This mass of superstition will not be effectively chal-

lenged and dispersed until such time as large numbers of people are willing and able to get at the root of the mental process from which the dogmas of the past have arisen. Until such time, superstition will reign and hold people in darkness.

The second characteristic about superstition which we need to note is the fact that it is an acceptance, and denotes the passive attitude. The superstitious mind, as such, receives, but does not go on to the higher functions of creativity. It remains on the lower level of suggestibility, being unable to select, guide, and utilize its impressions and impulses. It is like the child-mind in that it is open to all stimuli without distinction and without the power to properly evaluate. Just as the infantile stomach takes in safety pins and carpet thread along with proper food, because the infant is an indiscriminate receiving mechanism, so the mind of the superstitious avidly receives bogies, fairies, goblins, spirits, and all sorts of weird interpretations of nature. It is a reservoir into which anything and everything is cast, and it has not within itself the power to reject.

It is not strange, again, that there is so much superstition in the world, for by far the greater number of persons retain the childhood either of their own personalities or of the race in this matter of receptivity. Few people achieve the higher distinction of being creators in the realm of the mental life. If we want to test this for ourselves, all we have to do is to ask "what have I created?" "How much have I originated and invented?" Such an honest searching of heart and mind will reveal to us the fact that we are compounded mostly of receptivity, and that our ideas about nearly all phases of life are largely the result of reflecting the environment in which we live.

So long as this analysis of human nature remains true of a considerable proportion of human kind, just so long will superstition continue to lodge in men's minds. It is only if and when we are able to develop greater selectivity and creativity that we shall make impressive headway against the mass of over-credulity which still exists despite our boasted systems of popular education and scientific progress.

The third and last characteristic of this definition which we need to emphasize points to the fact that superstition is usually a mass movement, originating in some kind of a social group and being handed down, sometimes for many generations, through the process of hearsay. It is not an individualized thing, but is the product of crowd thinking and feeling. Of course all social movements are individual in the sense that they must exist in individuals and must operate through individuals. What makes movements or forces social is the fact that the individual thinks, feels and acts not as an individual but as a part of a group, and so with superstition. We find it has its origin in the interstimulation and response of persons in those relations of life where their own unique characteristics are subordinated, and where the common life is magnified.

As Everitt Dean Martin humorously put it, the crowd man thinks what he thinks other men are thinking. This is of course an exaggeration but it thrusts home an undoubted truth. Our thoughts are group made and handed down to us en masse. Our mental layers are old and hardened and like geological strata reach down to primitive times.

Each individual is unique both from the biological and psychological point of view and therefore he can never take the perfect stamp of the past. But by far the majority of us are afraid of this uniqueness and take great pains to hide it when the multitude is looking. There is nothing we dread so much as our own opinion, unless we see it mirrored in the mind of the mass. It is only the rare individual who can and who dares individualize thought.

Therefore superstition flourishes in the atmosphere of crowd hearsay. It continues because of well known laws of social psychology, and it will disappear only when all men have developed their unique personalities to that point where they are capable of rejecting hearsay and are willing to individualize thought.

It ought to be almost axiomatic that superstition has reigned in nearly all the fields of human activity. We find it in the realm of family life, as in birth, marriage and death; it is rife in mercantile and marine affairs; it has evidences in our common language when we speak of things being "sinister," a word which in Latin denotes the left; we find it attaching to days, numbers, animals, weather, directions, colors and innumerable combinations of the above. And yet, despite the fact that the ubiquity of superstition should be self-evident, many people strangely associate it exclusively or preeminently with religion. For instance, the Standard Dictionary gives that connotation to the word in its first two lengthy definitions. Then in smaller foot-notes explains that superstitions may exist in realms other than that of religion, as, politics.

Of course religion has had its accompanying superstitions just as any aspect of human life is susceptible to misinterpretations. And as religion deals with things subjective such as values, emotions, exaltations and inner experiences, it is not surprising that it should gather more superstitions than science, which deals with objective, and therefore more easily measurable things. But that religion should be conceived as the special stronghold of superstition is a perverse superstition itself.

Faith, which is sometimes confused with superstition, actually has none of the characteristics which have been outlined above and in our thinking should be kept clearly distinguished. Let us take one example

of each to illustrate the difference. Among the early Hindu people there was a superstition that the sun would not rise unless a priest correctly repeated the appropriate formula. It was because of this widespread superstition, and others of like nature, that the Brahmin priesthood attained such extraordinary hold over the people. This has every characteristic of our definition,—it is non-rational, it indicates a receptive and credulous mind, and could persist only because individuals did not dare to break loose from the crowd thought.

In contrast, take a few sentences from the familiar letter to the Hebrews in our New Testament:

By faith, Abraham, when he was called, obeyed to go out into a place which he was to receive for an inheritance; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he became a sojourner in the land of promise . . .; for he looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose architect and builder is God.

By faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months by his parents, because they saw he was a goodly child; and they were not afraid of the king's commandment. By faith Moses, when he was grown up, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to be evil entreated with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king: for he endured, as seeing him who is invisible.

And what shall I more say? for the time will fail me if I tell of all those who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, attained promises, stopped the mouth of lions, quenched the power of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, from weakness were made strong.

Is there any conceivable similarity between these two types of human experience? Is is not rather clear that in the one case we are dealing with an attitude which is and always will be a detriment to human progress, while in the other case we have illustrated one of the great, inspiring, forward propelling forces of human history?

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

Jottings

A distinguished English military officer declares that "until Soviet Russia changes her present policy, the nations of the world cannot disarm, least of all the British Empire, against whom this policy is directed." Soviet officials have been stating for months that "until Britain changes her present policy, the nations of the world cannot disarm, least of all the Soviet Republic, against whom this policy is directed." Thus does the mad dance of preparedness go on!

Bertrand Russell's statement that Lord Robert Cecil's resignation from the British Cabinet sadly weakened that body, as Cecil was the only man in it who was respected, shows how low Mr. Baldwin has fallen. Once trusted by everybody, there is now nobody, outside his own partisans, so low as to do him reverence.

The newspapers are showing amazing caution in referring to the *Daily Worker* as "an *alleged* Communist paper." We wonder what more the *Daily Worker* could do to proclaim its Communism than it is doing now. To speak of this publication as "an alleged Communist paper" is like referring to Calvin Coolidge as an alleged Republican, or to the Pope as an alleged Catholic.

Perhaps we are "red" after all. At any rate, we occasionally see red. Thus, when we see a photograph in the newspapers labeled "U. S. Marines Searching a Chinese on Streets of Shanghai!" How would we like it the other way 'round—"Chinese Soldiers Searching an American on Streets of New York"? There are some things too abominable for words.

How delightful it is to see H. L. Mencken lined up shoulder to shoulder with Dean Inge, of St. Paul's, London, in thorough-going contempt of democracy. We may yet see the Mercurian prophet taking orders, and serving at the altars of the spiritual aristocracy in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Mahatma Gandhi has been invited by Indians staying in Ceylon to pay a visit to that island. Our Indian correspondent intimates that Gandhi will probably accept the invitation.

J. H. H.

PAGANS

We play the fool and count it wise,
To doubt the truth our senses bring;
We scorn the earth and search the skies
To find life free from pang and sting.

A deeper wisdom clings to earth,
Our mother born from pregnant sun;
And finds within her whirling girth
All heav'n to gain and hell to shun.

No god sends down our happiness,
Nor devil turns our path from right.
The round of nature's laws depress
Or lift our souls to free man's height.

Earth born and reared! Not this our shame!
Who claim as kin the sky and sea;
Our shame, dull minds and spirits lame,
Our souls in chains, still far from free.

They come! The race set free from fear!
Their souls by struggle owned and won;
They sense their joy; hearts filled with cheer;
They die untamed when life is done!

HOMER LEWIS SHEFFER

Trip Through the Backyard of China to Russia

We have made the first stage of our journey across the backyard of China to Russia,—a short stage taking in normal times only twelve hours' train journey, but we have consumed, with the endless waiting around that is needed in China, the greater part of a week.

It was Saturday night when I was first told that I might go on a trip which is very unusual, and may some day be historic, with Borodin, and his party back to Moscow by way of Shensi, Kansu and Mongolia. We have, more or less, some 3,000 miles to go; nobody really knows exactly how many, for it is not entirely known where there are roads, or where we must make detours around half a province. We know that in one place there are mountains, and in another a few hundred miles of sand, where we may have to take to camels to lighten the autos. Otherwise we know only to expect—the unexpected.

We have to carry all our gasoline with us,—phenomenal task in itself. We have 220 large tins of gasoline with ten gallons in each. We have six automobiles and four ton-and-a-half auto-trucks, all practically new. The plan is to abandon cars or give them away to some appreciative general as you use up gasoline. Thus you get lighter and lighter all the way till in the end, as Borodin says, "there will be nothing left of us at all."

The only other alternative for the Russians is to go by way of Shanghai, and lately Chiang Kai Shek, aided by the British authorities of the International Settlement, has been arresting all Russians who go that way. He even detained a German ship for no other crime than trans-shipping a cargo of brick tea to a Russian steamer. So this is the chosen route.

I was asked only two questions when I expressed my strong desire to go on the trip. "Hard trip, think you can stand it?" With my camping experience I was certain I could stand anything the other members of the party could. . . . The second question was whether I wanted to write it up? A book possibly? I said I did, and I was told I could go. On the first day out I was told to please keep a general diary.

Getting out of Hankow was very entertaining. Wherever Borodin moves he is followed by many rumors. The night before we left I had called at his apartment for information and while waiting was joined by Mr. Calhoun of the National City Bank, who asked if I knew which route B.... was taking. I looked blank as if this was my first intimation of any trip. Mr. Calhoun improved the moments examining the tags on Borodin's suit-cases which happened to be in the room, and being unable to decipher anything, hurried off to the nine o'clock boat, as he had heard Borodin was going that way.

Next morning the American consular assistant, who sits next me at table, remarked: "I hear Borodin left last night on the Kutwo, and a lot of other Russians went this morning at 7 A. M. towards Chengchow." . . . I cheerfully countered: "I don't see how that could be for I am supposed to have an appointment with him this morning." . . . I did not add that my appointment was to learn the exact hour of train time.

The day was postponed from Monday to Tuesday, from Tuesday to Wednesday, from seven in the morning till two in the afternoon. At last we got under way about four o'clock Wednesday, with six autos neatly loaded on flat cars, our gasoline and baggage and bodyguard furnished by the Nationalist Government. Two secretaries from the Foreign Office also go as escort, one of them being Percy Chen, son of the Foreign Minister.

All heads of government came down to see us off, Sun Fo, Tang Yen Kai, Eugene Chen, Wang Ching Wei. I asked one of them, with whom I felt on good enough terms to be inquisitive, whether Borodin's going was determined by Borodin himself or by the government.

Certainly nobody ever told him to go (was the answer). But as a man of the world, sensing the situation, he came to feel that it was time. Some persons, perhaps, expect his withdrawal to be permanent; others do not. In any event there is no harsh break preventing his return should circumstances make it desirable. . . .

And that's that.

A day of almost unbearable heat, growing hotter even till after sun-down, brought us at last to Chengchow about midnight. We passed endless rice fields from which the moisture arose like steam, then we came into the flat plain of Honan, where the wheat was harvested a month ago and crops of beans were growing. In China they get easily two crops a year. When the train was moving the heat was bad enough, but we usually stopped interminably at stations, waiting for coal, or to get up steam. The coal supply seemed always to be giving out. Standing in a sun-baked station for three and four hours was one's idea of Hades.

At one station, some eight hours before Chengchow, we were visited formally by the local commander, named Ang Hse De, who told us he had received three telegrams about us, from Feng Yu Hsiang and other lesser commanders, asking him to look out for us and to give us a special guard of honor for the remaining part of his territory. Borodin inquired whether this was necessary or only courtesy: in the latter case he did not wish to deprive the commander of his men.

The stations between here and Chengchow (answered Ang) are held by various sorts of troops, some of them are former Wu Pei Fu's men, who have come over to us and are not well disciplined yet. Your guard of honor consists of southerners, speaking different dialects and wearing different uniforms from ours. So some of these troops might try to use your train, or steal your locomotive and give you a poorer one. Consequently I send ten of my personal bodyguard who are local men, and who will explain who you are. . . . In the past (he added) soldiers often seized trains for their own use, putting out the civilians. This is now supposed to be over, but some troops are still "unreconstructed."

Feng's northern soldiers are very picturesque. They carry broadswords which look very imposing but they wear straw hats with blue bands of a schoolgirly style which makes an odd contrast. To see them at attention with their terrible swords held straight up higher than their heads, and their neat little straw hats with brims upcurling is a picture.

Commander Ang and Borodin exchanged many politenesses in the Chinese style, the commander assuring us that "since we are all in the same family, comrades of the Nationalist Government, you need not give my soldiers any special treatment." . . . So we pulled on to Chengchow. . . .

Through the night, as we lay in our berths in the station of Chengchow, we were awakened by a terrific

dust-storm. Peering out of my window I could see many lights filling the streets and gleaming dimly through the whirling dust. Next morning I learned that these were soldiers. It seems that Marshal Feng's chief of staff came down at midnight to welcome us, and take us to quarters prepared for us. But finding that Borodin was asleep he withdrew, leaving a few hundred soldiers camped about the train in our honor! They withdrew this morning, and the invitations for dinner began arriving. Fortunately the dust-storm had cooled the air, and we felt energetic.

Marshal Feng's dinner was first in order. He proved to be in Chengchow instead of Loyang. He invited Borodin to breakfast, and afterwards to almost continuous interviews, while the rest of us sat around the train, and tried to keep down our curiosity. Young Chang Ke, secretary from the Hankow Foreign Office, attached to our expedition as interpreter, was bursting with all the secrets he had been interpreting; he paraded his knowledge before us but wouldn't tell.

That evening, however, we all went to dinner with Marshal Feng and half a dozen of his chief generals. There was General Sun, commander of this particular front, General Ma, a famous Mohammedan warrior from Kansu, and several more. We were all told to dress very simply, as Feng hates display. I thought a white linen skirt with a home-made black and white blouse was simple enough. But when I saw the auto-truck in which we were to ride, I resolved at once to buy khaki and make myself a uniform. Just once sitting down would ruin my white skirt.

Feng, the ex-Christian, ex-Bolshevik general, had taken over the evacuated American mission as his headquarters. We had our dinner in what was once the living-room of some missionary from America. The meal was simple, soup, chicken, egg-plant and a heavy kind of dumpling which served as bread. Feng's generals were dressed in gray-blue dusty uniforms with belts, and Feng himself had the same uniform but seemed to have forgotten his belt. He was like a peasant at a peasant table, with shirt-sleeves emerging. After dinner the whole party sat in chairs on the lawn and told jokes, which didn't go very well, as they had to be interpreted and the laughs came at different times for different parts of the company.

When we left we had invitations from General Sun, chief of this front, to dine with him the following day. Borodin was also scheduled for some more talks with Feng at the latter's invitation. So we decided to wait over in Chengchow for a few days till our auto-trucks catch up with us from Hankow. Incidentally, the doctor and doctor's wife also missed the train in Hankow, and are coming with the trucks. So this far I am the only woman with a party of fifteen men. It is a total novelty to the Chinese to have a lone woman at banquets, and military banquets at that. But they have risen to it nobly.

I have even summoned up nerve to ask Marshal Feng for his own arm-band off his uniform to put on my new suit as souvenir. . . . And I got it. It was this way: Having seen that the only thing fit for this travelling was dusty gray-blue like the uniforms, I bought some and had a suit made in a hurry, making part of it myself while waiting in the train. Then when I was saying good-bye to Feng, I indicated my costume and said: "Since I have now joined your army and have a uniform, can't I have the arm-band and little badge that the soldiers wear in front. It would be especially nice to take to America if I could have yours in memory of this trip."

The marshal smiled gallantly and proceeded then and there in front of smiling generals to rip off his arm-band and little front plaque with inscriptions (not, of course, the bands that show his rank but the ones all soldiers wear). Only a man of much simplicity and informality could have done it so casually. Later Borodin told me he thought the marshal was glad to have a way of showing some gallantry. He added, after learning that I had made part of my suit myself in order to get it done in time: "But I am afraid Americans are going to conquer the world."

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Chengchow, August, 1927.

Civics—Military Style

Among the numerous activities of the War Department, public education is not the least. In the regular army, the various units of the R. O. T. C., and the Citizens' Military Training Camps, no fewer than 260,000 young men, according to the department's estimate, annually undergo training by army officers—"young men," to quote the newest Manual of Citizenship Training, "between the ages of 16 and 25 years, the most critical period in the determination of their real value as citizens of our country."

This brand-new book of instruction is worthy of some examination. It is written by Chaplain C. P. Futcher, in collaboration with the American Citizenship Foundation. It consists of 142 pages of closely printed matter. It is comprehensive. Though it has practically no references to military tactics or the technique of war, its pages contain instruction which deals to no small extent with history, economics, religion, biology, political science, education, morality, and what not. Its tone is firm and assured; its compilers have been troubled by few doubts. They have set out to implant in the minds of the 260,000 certain definite ideas concerning human society and American life; and ideas which have no relation whatever to the so-called art of war. No relation, that is, unless young men are better fighters when indoctrinated with the sort of ideas of government which, for want of a better word, men used to call before the German revolution "Prussian," but which today, perhaps, would best fit Signor Mussolini.

Somewhere, not long since, I seem to recall the existence of a popular slogan—"The world must be made safe for democracy." Not a few people, in their ignorance, may actually have wished it to happen. But certainly none of the 35,000 young men who have sat at the feet of the War Department this summer in the training camps. "What are the principal characteristics of democracy?" asks the Manual. And immediately answers, "Demagogism, license, impulse, agitation, discontent, anarchy, chaos, socialism."

What, then, is the ideal form of government? The War Department knows.

What are the principal characteristics of a republic?

Statesmen, liberty, reason, arbitration, contentment, justice, progress, property rights, freedom of speech and freedom of press, freedom of religion.

Lest any skeptic doubt the existence of such a place, let him look over these United States, pinch himself, and remember that the War Department knows its business. And the War Department tells its instructors: "The didactic method concerning facts of history, social changes, economic development, and basic principles of our government will be given without discussion and without argument, special emphasis being made on the fact that the United States is a Republic, not a democracy." Chaplain Futcher, apparently, is in wholehearted agreement on this point with Comrade Trotsky. But poor, poor Mr. Wilson! And the men that lie in France and Belgium—where do they fit into this picture?

Possibly Chaplain Futcher never heard of the protective tariff. But surely he has heard of the United States Army, which exists, apart from its "educational" mission, to protect the populace from the assaults of wicked invaders. And that is why you have to wonder just a little when he says, "The American is the personification of independence. He asks no favors of government or men." There is a danger in upholding too high ideals—in fact, the booklet implies as much in several places. But so long as none of our industrial magnates is compelled to absorb this conception of self-reliant Americanism, the country doubtless will be safe from revolution.

At any rate, on one point the Manual will compel assent from every thoughtful observer of our national character: "The American possesses no inferiority complex."

There is just a hint of dramatic conflict in the Manual's prophecy of this country's future. "The future of the United States," it declares, "is a struggle between two kinds of forces—one beneficent, trying to speed the Nation to greater achievements and security; one malign, seeking to retard its progress." This wholesale classification is a bit confusing without the interpretative assistance of a competent Army instructor; but nevertheless the meaning gradually becomes clear.

The conflict, you see, is largely the issue of collectivism versus individualism. And as set forth in the pamphlet, no self-respecting youth will hesitate long before lining up on the side of right and decency. For

> The philosophy of government, as set up under our Constitution, finds its keynote in individualism as opposed to collectivism—that misguided philosophy of government which makes the State paramount in its demands over the inalienable rights of its individual citizens.

Simplicity itself!

There is no mention of war-time conscription, war-time paramount demands, etcetera, or even that peace-time collectivism directed with more or less capability from the halls of Washington. But all these matters, obviously, would but obscure the issue. And even so categorical a curriculum as the War Department's has introduced a certain disturbing inconsistency. The student is warned against the easy, too-soft life envisaged by collectivists, and is assured that "A surfeit of food, clothes, comfortable homes, and much time for idleness can easily become the first step to the overthrow of civilization." However, there need be no alarm, for "the answer to this doctrine of government is the simple test, 'Will it work?'"

Certain passages in the Manual should never be limited to 260,000 young men. They merit separate printing and issuance to our consular agents, ambassadors, and missionaries for wide distribution abroad. That little paragraph, for example, about America's place in the esteem of other lands:

> America in her political character is slowly, yet surely, winning the confidence of the nations. We have been generous and magnanimous. Right, not might, has prevailed in our dealings with others. Arbitration, not armament, has been our means of persuasion.

And the reason is plain. It is due in no small measure to Mr. Kellogg and his forerunners.

> The State Department is the "peace department" of our Government; by treaties and diplomatic negotiations beneficent relationships with foreign countries are secured and insured, establishing a spirit of accord and amity, without which it would not be possible to carry on our part in world affairs to the good of all concerned.

A statement like that ought to go far. It ought to go to the Nicaraguans, the Haitians, the Mexicans, the Filipinos—in fact, to the many peoples in various parts of the earth who have uncharitably harbored suspicions of Kellogg diplomacy.

The Manual is deeply concerned about peace. Unlike the peace societies, it knows precisely how to have it. Its confidence is unshakable. "How can we best provide for the peace and security of our Nation?" That's an easy one: "By being prepared, showing that we are at all times ready for war."

These samples will convince any doubter that, all in all, the youth in our army, the students of the R. O. T. C., and the boys in our summer military training camps are being taught ideals of government and society that are at least specific. And the high character of the War Department's intellectual aims and their suffusion with idealism are most certainly responsive to the plea by President Coolidge, as quoted in the Manual: "We do not need more material development; we need more spiritual development."

And beyond a peradventure of a doubt, 260,000 of our young men are getting it.

DEVERE ALLEN.

A Citizen of the World

My country chafes no narrow bound.
Within her wide, far-reaching grasp
All lands of earth, all folk are found,
Whose hands in fellowship I clasp.

All citizens, and brothers, too;
Black, white, or red, or brown, or tan—
It matters not the varying hue,
My country sees the *man*.

Some blinded are, or halt, or lame,
Through devious ways of sin they grope;
While others climb the heights of fame,
And point below, the star of hope.

With him they bow, whose God is stone,
They know his steps but seek the way,
That leads to Him; that God alone
In whom they trust, to whom they pray.

EMMA MAERTZ CYRUS.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART IV—CHAPTER IV

Quickened Spirit of Sacrifice

Before I proceed with my narrative of the struggle for the settlers' right in the Transvaal and of the dealings with the Asiatic Department, I must turn to some other aspects of my life.

Up to now there had been in me a mixed desire. The spirit of self-sacrifice was tempered by the desire to lay by something for the future.

About the time I took up Chambers in Bombay, an American insurance agent had come to Bombay—a man with a pleasing countenance and a sweet tongue. As though we were old friends, he discussed with me matters of my future welfare. "All men of your status in America have their life insured. Should you not also insure yourself against the future? Life is uncertain. We in America regard it a religious obligation to get insured. Can I not tempt you to take out a small policy?"

Heretofore I had given the cold shoulder to all the agents I had met in South Africa and India, for I thought that life assurance meant some amount of fear and want of faith in God. But now I succumbed to the temptation of the American agent. As he proceeded with his argument, I had before my mind's eye a picture of my wife and children. "Man, you have sold almost all the ornaments of your wife," I said to myself. "If something were to happen to you, the burden of supporting her and the children would fall on your poor brother who has so nobly filled the place of father. How will that become you?" With these and similar arguments I persuaded myself to take out a policy for Rs. 10,000.

But the changed mode of my life in South Africa altered my outlook. All the steps I took at this time of trial were taken in the name of God and for his service. I did not know how long I should have to stay in South Africa. I had a fear that I might never be able to get back to India, and so I had decided that I should keep my wife and children with me, and no longer impose separation on them, and that I must earn enough to support them. This train of reasoning made me deplore the life policy, and feel ashamed for having been caught in the insurance agent's net. If, I said to myself, my brother is really in the position of my father, surely he would not consider it too much of a burden to support my widow, if it came to that. And what reason had I to assume that death would claim me earlier than the others? And after all, the real protector of all was the Almighty, neither I nor my brother. In getting my life insured I had robbed my wife and children of their self-reliance. Why should they not be expected to take care of themselves? What happened to the families of the countless poor in the world? Why should I not count myself as one of them?

Quite a stream of thoughts passed through my mind, but I did not immediately act upon them. I recollect having paid at least one premium in South Africa.

But outward circumstances too supported this train of thought. During my first sojourn in South Africa it was Christian influence that had kept alive the religious sense in me. Now it was the Theosophical influence that added strength to it. Mr. Ritch was a Theosophist, and he put me in touch with the Society at Johannesburgh. I never became a member of it, as I had my differences, but I came in close contact with almost every Theosophist. I had religious discussions with them every day. There used to be readings from Theosophical books and I had occasions to address their meetings too. The chief thing about Theosophy is to cultivate and promote the idea of brotherhood. We had considerable discussion over this, and I criticized the members where their conduct did not appear to me to square with the ideal. The criticism was not without its wholesome effect on me. It led to self-introspection.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Injustice, Past and Present

"Once again, and not for the last time, the courts proved themselves the pliant and handy instruments of injustice," said the late Sir John Macdonell in describing the trial of Katharine of Aragon. (Historical Trials, Oxford University Press.) The author is referred to by Lord Shaw in the Preface as in the first rank of the jurists of his time, and his testimony that "courts of justice may be made by the State instruments of oppression" is therefore of special interest at a time when we are being admonished to revere judicial acts as sacrosanct.

Through the pages of Historical Trials move the tragic figures of Socrates, Jeanne d'Arc, Giordano Bruno, Mary Queen of Scots, Servetus, Katharine of Aragon, Sir Walter Raleigh, and the victims of the witchcraft delusion, whose condemnation was in each case a mere pretence of justice under legal forms. To this company must now be added the names of Sacco and Vanzetti, who shared with Socrates the misfortune of being tried in a court where it was impossible to obtain a change of venue and from which there was practically no appeal, conditions now held to be essential for a fair trial.

One cannot read of Bruno's trial without drawing a parallel between his plight and that of the two humble Italian anarchists whose lives have been snuffed out at the behest of the State. Bruno was kept in prison for six years and then burnt at the stake. "Was he guilty?" asks Sir John Macdonell, and adds, "The answer cannot be given with confidence. . . . But the truth is borne in upon the legal historian that considerations of guilt or justice are here somewhat beside the

question. Those concerned had other things in view. One does not talk of guilt or justice when one is staying a plague or pestilence, or arresting a devastating flood. One does what is effectual." Thus Judge Thayer and Governor Fuller, without consciousness of guilt, are able to harden their hearts against the forces that menace the supremacy of law and order.

Heresy was once the unpardonable sin; today it is opposition to governments. Public officials, and the classes of society who see their possessions or privileges threatened by a change in the established order, are shaken by vague fears that render them incapable of justice towards the objects of their fear, whom they call reds, radicals, anarchists or bolshevists without attempting to give a definite meaning to these terms.

"Judges and juries and accusers," says Sir John Macdonell, "are often influenced and blinded by fear, that greatest impediment to justice, a vague fear of the unknown; fear too great to permit of leniency or mercy." Fear, he declares, "brings back the primitive conception of the functions of courts; not necessarily, or indeed often, personal fear, but fear of change; fear on the part of the upholders of the old order; fear of the effects of the discoveries of new truths; fear of emerging into the full light.

"Where such fear is justice cannot be; a court becomes an instrument of power; judges are soldiers putting down rebellion; a so-called trial is a punitive expedition or a ceremonial execution—its victim a Bruno, a Galileo, or a Dreyfus."

It remains to be seen whether the Sacco-Vanzetti trial will stand as a landmark on the road to revolution. There is no doubt, however, that the world-wide emotional reaction is an indication of the stirring of powerful forces. According to the author of Historical Trials, we may expect to find in the courts "the first certain premonitions of revolutions." He quotes from the laws of Manu the striking apostrophe, "Beware, O Judge, lest injustice, being overturned, overturn both us and thyself."

The powers that be seem ever to be bent upon destroying themselves by the use of the two-edged sword of violence. Blinded by the fact that they control an overwhelming show of force, government officials imagine that safety lies in repression. Futile as resistance may seem at first, the smart of injustice grows until it is shared by the troops upon whose loyalty the life of the Government depends.

Violent revolution in the United States is, happily, a remote contingency, a threat that would dissolve in the presence of just laws fairly administered. Unfortunately it is nearer today because of the merciless attitude of the courts and functionaries of Massachusetts.

FRANK W. GARRISON.

Liberalism Among Teachers

In an old, hair-covered trunk, a bundle of yellowed letters, holds one dated 1831, written by one teacher to another. It is full of pleading that certain isms of the day, be at once dropped. A liberal of today, reads with a thrilling heart, that a great-aunt whom she remembers as an independent, vivacious old lady, dared to champion liberal ideas of a hundred years ago, even when friends begged her to change her mind.

How do the majority of teachers of today react towards progressive social ideas of this era? I have discussed many things with those of my profession, from kindergartners to college professors; with those of wide education and travel, and with those who have had no such opportunities. I am convinced that liberal thought is increasing among many, *very* many of them, though certain racial and religious prejudices are still yielding little in comparison to economic ideas.

Before the Great War, a group of teachers in a small city had a suffrage club, though courage was often at a low ebb. One evening a brilliant Irish woman stirred us deeply with her prophecies of freedom of speech and action, for all women and men. Till midnight, she and I walked the streets, she helping to give birth to my dormant love of justice, struggling in my soul. From that night I have been as my great-aunt of 1831, a radical.

When the Great War began, as we all know, teachers were held strictly to account for every deed or utterance. An acquaintance of mine, looked far beyond her day, spoke words which resulted in her dismissal, but which time has proved to be the opinion of millions of today.

After the war, the ranks of teachers, depleted by many having gone into business, were filled by a floating army of teachers from far and wide. A new breath seemed to fill the profession. In an elementary building of which I know, among thirty-four teachers, only four are natives of the state, and in a high school, only two among twenty-five. This situation leads to a mingling of opinions, and to a broader viewpoint.

The La Follette campaign brought amazing revelations. Just half the teaching force of a middle-west city was said to be in favor of La Follette. A handsome Jewish teacher, and an equally handsome Catholic, were heard praising Mr. La Follette's fearlessness, and many of his ideas looking towards freedom from the grip of the nation's capitalists. This in a city where a millionaire was quoted as saying after the campaign was over, that "the laboring people of the community, who had voted for a radical like La Follette, could hardly expect their employers to help them in the future, with *philanthropy!*"

I had thought that elementary teachers might be less liberal than others, but these words of a kindergartner are convincing. They were said at the time of a great coal strike.

I was born in a mining town, where my father was an overseer for many years. He used to say that he was cut to the heart by the conditions in the mines and town, but would never resign, because he had been able to persuade the absent owners, little by little, to put in a few safety devices, and to erect decent school-houses. You can imagine my father's feelings, when he implored one of the company to build a hospital, and to increase wages, and was answered with a sneer, that the wages given were enough for "Polaks," who wouldn't know what to do with more!

Add to this the remarks of a high school teacher, in reply to one who praised an aristocratic city suburb, in its efforts to keep itself select, by refusing to admit a few colored pupils. The reply was made with blazing eyes.

It is the duty of us as teachers, to see what is the matter with education, that it allows the growth of snobbery, instead of the brotherhood of man!

Many teachers read liberal magazines, and it is most encouraging to happen to touch upon some sub-

ject of the day, and to have a comrade agree with a radical opinion. The late events in Nicaragua, and in China, have stirred many of us to rebellion. It is the consensus of opinion that our nation, as far as its state department is concerned, is vastly influenced by capitalists, and that we are acting like bullies, and not like brothers.

What will be the effect upon the youth of our land, as teachers grow more broadminded? In cities and some college towns, the profession has much freedom. In a junior high class lately, when discussing a very liberal, school history, it has been my habit to say that all have a right to different opinions, and that none need agree with me in my classes. It has been a great joy to hear the various responses of the boys and girls, realizing that slowly but surely, the youth of the world is being led to liberalism, much of it developing because of the open-mindedness of many teachers, those of this generation, and those of a hundred years ago. In our youth and their teachers lie some of the world's hopes for justice, freedom and universal peace.

JULIA M. PARSONS.

The Study Table

(Reviews by John Haynes Holmes)

The Facts About Jesus

Professor Case has given us an important book*, but it is not a biography. One has only to compare it with Renan's "Life of Jesus," a real biography, to understand that this latest study of the Nazarene does not classify as such at all. Renan, having studied the material, gives us a narrative. Professor Case gives us this study of the material. His book, therefore, is fundamentally a volume of New Testament criticism as bearing upon the facts about Jesus. We say this as a matter not of criticism but of definition. It is important to know just what kind of a book this is, in order to appreciate its real and very great worth.

As a piece of criticism, a survey of what we know about Jesus, and how and why, this volume is the most authoritative as it is the latest in the field. Professor Case is one of the most distinguished New Testament scholars in America. His earlier work, on the "Historicity of Jesus," was a book of extraordinary value. Having established therein the reality of the Nazarene as an historical figure, as over against all those who would find in him a merely mythical figure, Professor Case now presents the facts about his career and teaching as revealed by the documents of the early Christian church. These documents are described clearly and analyzed carefully in this volume. They are studied in their setting of Palestinian and Roman history. They are judged from the standpoint of their essential character as the propaganda literature of an heretical religious movement. The facts disclosed are few, but genuine.

Jesus was a Galilean youth, of potent personality, who was caught inwardly by a mystic sense of God and outwardly by Israel's vision of the Kingdom. Led by these ideals, he abandoned his livelihood as an artisan, and became a preacher in the cities and villages of his country. His courageous agitation stirred hostility in the Jewish synagogue and alarm in the Roman capital, and by these two, in conspiracy, he was crucified. While preaching the Kingdom, Jesus didn't declare himself to be the Messiah; this idea, says Professor Case, was foisted upon the record by his later followers. Neither was Jesus a doer of miracles; these, also, were a later accretion. Professor Case concedes nothing of the miraculous—the Resurrection is dismissed as flatly as all the rest! Jesus was a spiritual genius, but a man for all of that, and emphatically a man of his own rather narrow time and place.

While scholarly in the best sense of the word, this book is easy and delightful to read. We count it the best work of its kind now easily available. We are placing it on our shelves beside that earlier classic, Nathaniel Schmidt's "The Prophet of Nazareth."

* "Jesus: A New Biography," by Shirley Jackson Case. Published by the University of Chicago Press.

An American Epic

This book,* quite apart from all question of its essential merit, stirs our admiration. Here is a man, well known for his work in the fields of education and social reform, who sits himself down to the task of writing a sustained narrative poem, of epic form and style, on a religious theme. It is difficult to conceive of an age less favorable to such a task than our own. The narrative poem went out of fashion with Scott and Byron and the other early nineteenth century romanticists; even the lyric, the most spontaneous and universal type of verse, has a hard enough time being heard these days! As for religion, its classic materials and its traditional forms, these seem to be getting ever more and more removed from the living interests of men. A combination of the two, in a work of the "Samson Agonistes" type, would seem to be fatal. Yet Dr. Hart has written, in high seriousness and utter devotion, a poem of precisely this kind, and offers it to the attention of his generation. This shows courage of a high order, and we admire it.

But "Prophet of a Nameless God" has other claims upon our attention. On its own merits as a piece of literature, it is a notable achievement. The poem, written for the most part in quick, nervous, free verse forms, is "founded on some passages in the Books of the Kings," says the author. More specifically, it presents the Old Testament story of Elijah, with the priests of Baal, the flight to the wilderness, and Naboth's vineyard, as the central episodes. There are three cantos, entitled "Carmel," "Horeb," and "Jezreel" respectively; and these are interspersed with so-called "interludes,' giving chorus-like flashes upon backgrounds, personalities, and passing events. The whole is knit together by the great figure of the prophet, and his discovery of God within the soul driving him on to that present failure which is eternal victory. Dr. Hart's book is an epic of prophecy, in the Old Testament meaning of the word. The closing passage, entitled "An Epilogue of History," is a state-

* "Prophet of a Nameless God," by Joseph Kenmont Hart. Published by Harold Vinal, New York.

ment, nobly sustained in power and beauty, of the mission and fate of the "prophet-souls of all the years":

The prophet goes:
He takes his way along the hurrying years,
Blazing the first faint pathway through the years . . .
Age after age, though triumph crowns his deeds,
His victories shall plunge him to the deeps . . .
Men see him toiling through the desert years,
And make their scorn of him, and tell their sons
The story of his madness.
Yet, evermore,
Thereafter, by those dim, forbidding trails,
Finding some fragment of a staff, or skull,
They build a temple on the sacred spot,
And hoard a legend of a holy life.

Dr. Hart has done a beautiful piece of work. We wish now that he would attempt some theme from American history, and thus produce a native epic.

Fear

The author of this book* is a trained physician of long experience in the field of mental disorder. He has become much impressed with the phenomenon of fear—the panic of inward terrors and tortures which seizes again and again upon the minds of perfectly normal people, and drives them to distraction and occasional insanity. He has a method of healing for this condition, and in order to bring his information to the largest possible audience and "to lend some human interest" to his statement, he has cast his material into the form of an autobiographical novel. Taking the typical case of a successful business man, pretty carefully moulded on the Babbitt formula, he shocks him into a sudden fear occasioned by the refusal of an insurance company to accept him as a good risk. The impact of this experience upon a nature none too stable, with little knowledge, few inner resources, and no basic faith at all, is disastrous. A loosened snow-slide of fears comes sweeping down upon him. A desperate attempt to build up defences with no material at hand results in a collapse which carries the man to a sanitarium. Here he falls into the hands of a wise physician—a physician of souls quite as much as of bodies—who enters upon the long and trying task of rehabilitation. He is soon called by his patient the "Fear Hunter," and accurately so, for this physician stalks the wild beasts of terror one by one to their lairs, in James Edwards's education and experience, and then destroys them. The book is in essence a psychological analysis of a panic-stricken mind, with a setting which gives it all the fascination and occasionally the thrill of a first-class detective story. To the lay reader, also, it has the importance of imparting information bearing upon the health of every life, troubled or untroubled by haunting fears, and thus preventing as well as healing the ills so vividly described. As I read the story of James Edwards's recovery, I learned a number of truths about myself which are precious additions to my store of knowledge and which may serve me well if my hour of panic ever comes. Indeed, apart from the story interest, which is exceptional, we would commend this book to every man and woman, of early middle-age, an invaluable study of life in its inward parts.

The special interest of the book lies in the author's insistence upon the utilization of religion as a necessary and indeed dominant agency in the healing of mental disorders, more particularly in the conquest of fear. Dr. Oliver, be it said, is no Christian Scientist; he believes absolutely in medical science. But there comes a point, he believes, in the treatment of such cases as those of James Edwards when the physician must retire in favor of the priest, and from the very beginning the physician must prepare the way for the coming of the priest. It is because of this viewpoint that a volume which starts out as a medical treatise in fiction form, ends up as a religious book, with the closing pages occupied with an extended ritual of prayer. Dr. Oliver's religious ideas are conventional and sentimental. A short bibliography of collateral reading, with such titles as Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ," Dr. Crile's "The Origin and Nature of the Emotions," A. C. Benson's "Thy Rod and Thy Staff," George F. R. Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War," Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven," is one of the queerest hodge-podges we ever saw. But the heart of the matter is in him; he has caught the religious spirit and knows how it may be used.

Dr. Oliver has given us a good story, plus a guide to health and healing. He has exorcised fear forever.

*"Fear," by John Rathbone Oliver, M. D. Published by the Macmillan Company.

Magazine Note

Anna Louise Strong will have in *Harpers* (November) a story of a Chinese Joan de Arc, "High-Heart-in-the-Wind"; and in *Survey-Graphic* (November) an article on "Dikes—Can Young China Conquer the Ancient Floods?"

Correspondence

A Soviet in California

Editor of UNITY:

On July 27th the Self-Governing Bar of California became a functioning, social organism, made up of all the practicing lawyers in the state under the terms of the Self Governing Bar Act, passed by the last legislature.

Because of its radical nature and its coming into existence here in Criminal-Syndicalism-Law-protected California, it makes one doubt if there is any effective protection against social progress.

The State Bar of California is a clear-cut soviet. Patterned after the Russian Bolsheviki soviets, it rests upon the same democratic principle they do—that is, that lawyers only, have the inherent right to make their own governing rules the same as do all other professional and industrial groups.—In the soviet of the whole people, each group has the right to mould general legislation only in proportion to its size.

Are the Russians, and our own California lawyers' soviets freaks, or are they the result of evolutionary growth of society?

Montebello, California. W. P. CALKINS.

[Editorial from Los Angeles *Evening Express*]

Self-Governing Bar

The interesting experiment of a self-governing bar will begin in California on July 29, when the State Bar Act passed by the legislature last winter will become effective. In the meantime, every lawyer in the state who wishes to remain in practice must register and pay a fee. The State Bar of California is all-inclusive of the profession. All who have been admitted to practice may become members, and any who refuse to become members will be denied the privilege of appearing before the courts of the state.

The State Bar Act imposes heavy responsibilities as well as privileges upon the lawyers. In return for the

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE FELLOWSHIP OF FAITHS IN LONDON

Twenty-five hundred people on the first floor and in the two galleries of London's greatest modern church, The City Temple! Five hundred people in an overflow meeting downstairs — where the upstairs program was repeated. Standing room filled. Hundreds of eager men and women turned away entirely! Over two thousand reserved seat tickets asked for in advance. Such is the record of London's first Fellowship of Faiths, meeting Thursday, July 21, 1927,—a red letter day to be remembered as beginning in Europe a spiritual movement that promises to inspire and unite East and West, America, England, Europe and the Orient, across the ancient barriers of race and creed.

China, Ceylon, India, Palestine, America, and Great Britain were represented by eminent speakers who talked of Peace and Brotherhood as taught by seven living world religions —Buddhism, Christianity, Confucianism, the Hindu faith, Judaism, Mohammedanism and Theosophy.

From America this Fellowship of Faiths was brought to London, this summer, by a Hindu and a Chicagoan! (Kedar Nath Das Gupta and Charles Frederick Weller). But it was in London, really, that the movement began, seventeen years ago, as The Union of East and West. In New York and Boston during the past three years, the League of Neighbors, which started in Elizabeth, New Jersey, U. S. A., seven years ago, has joined with the Union of East and West to inaugurate the Fellowship of Faiths which, in the supposedly—unresponsive capital of the British Empire, broke all American records.

The most successful Fellowship of Faiths in the United States assembled seventeen hundred people, in the Temple Rodeph Sholom, a Jewish Synagogue, in New York City, May 10, 1925, to hear "Tributes to Christianity by Neighbors of Other Faiths." Double that great number of earnest souls helped, in London, to start the European movement—and applauded the announcement that in September, London's second Fellowship of Faiths will present "What Christianity means to Buddhist, Confucian, Hindu, Jew, Mohammedan, and other non-Christian creeds." In India, so it was prophesied at the first London meeting, this new Fellowship will sometime have Hindus paying tributes to the Moslem faith and Mohammedans paying tributes to the religion of the Hindus.

"Yes, for toleration is not enough," said Dr. Annie Besant, the last speaker today—(because Theosophy begins with a "T"). "Let us agree upon the new principle of appreciation with which this Fellowship of Faiths is bridging the old gulfs of creedal prejudice. Toleration is patronising and scornful; it says 'you may think what you like but I know you are wrong.' Instead, we are to appreciate the value of every religion and to seek to add its beauty to our own. It would be a poor world if the sun sent down only one ray or color. Out of the white light that shines upon us from the sun —uniting all the colors of the spectrum—each growing earth life takes the rays or colors that it needs. So with the Truth which comes as a great white light from God; each of us takes what he needs at his stage of growth. Each faith has its own color. Appreciation unites in one greater glow the fragments of truth which each religion represents."

The Moslem call to prayer, chanted by the Muezin of the London Mosque, picturesque in his turban, with fervid earnestness which stirred the great throng reverently despite his Arabic language, opened the meeting at exactly 5:15 p. m. At 7:05 p. m., on scheduled time, the Rev. Dr. F. W. Norwood, who presided as pastor of the City Temple, closed the meeting with his Christian, yet universal benediction. Rev. J. Tyssul Davis presided at the overflow meeting downstairs.

In alphabetical order, the seven faiths were presented beginning with Buddhism, of which the Honorable Doctor W. A. de Silva, of Ceylon, was spokesman. "Buddha's message has elevated souls into peaceful living, all over the world, for many centuries. Why? Because he taught men how to overcome the selfish desires which subject us to the ceaseless discords of life."

America's international Y. M. C. A. leader, Dr. Sherwood Eddy, spoke for Christianity. "I rejoice in this notable Fellowship of Faiths," he said, "as a symbol of the new world. When Buddha and Jesus have so long taught brotherhood, why have we achieved so little? Cannot all faiths agree that war is wrong? Without hatred based on lies, the world war could not have driven 26,000,000 people to their tragic deaths—40,000,000 if we include those dead of revolutions, famines and pestilence which the war developed. In the early church, he who became a Christian, stopped being a soldier. It rests with us to cease boasting of our rival theologies and to stand together for what all religions teach, Peace

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right to make their own rules governing the practice of law, they are pledged to establish and maintain a high standard of ethics within the profession, and to punish by expulsion any who fail to live up to that standard.

It is confidently expected that good will result from this departure from the established condition. Higher educational qualifications for admission to the bar, and higher moral and professional standards for continuance in practice, cannot but promote justice and prove a benefit to the public.

Our Loss Is Made Good

Editor of UNITY:

A friend of yours gave me fifteen dollars to cover the four subscriptions to UNITY cancelled by Helen Dinwiddie because of the Sacco-Vanzetti numbers. This friend does not wish her name to appear, but would like you to publish the fact in UNITY that the loss has been made good. She is glad to outwit the Dinwiddies, and hopes you may get quite a bit of money from this.

C. A. S.

Boston, Mass.

[For such a friend, much thanks.—J. H. H.]

A Gain from Loss

Editor of UNITY:

Enclosed find check for three dollars for one subscription of UNITY in lieu of one of the four which you lost because of your handling of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. What you did was worth much to me, and, of course cannot be paid with a price. What I cannot understand is why anyone would ever have been a subscriber to UNITY who did not expect that it would take just such a stand. All UNITY is good for is to be on the right side. There are better sources of worldly wisdom, better servants of Mammon in the press of today.

MABEL HARRIS.

Graz, Austria.

Life in Italy

Editor of UNITY:

An American friend of mine went to Italy on business, and was calling on a man in a business way at his office. He asked him in the course of the conversation how he liked Mussolini's government. The man didn't answer him but countered by asking him if he would care to take a drive in his motor. He agreed, the American, and they went down to the motor, and the Italian proceeded to close carefully every window, and when they were seated, put on high speed and said:

"Now I can answer your question! In my office, or in any building, the walls have ears. My own brother would give me up to the Fascisti if he heard anything derogatory to the government. I am not Fascist or anti-Fascist, but we are living under a worse tyranny than the Bolshevik tyranny. If a man has a business rival, and he is a little more in favor with the Fascisti than his rival, he only has to report him as against the government, and the man disappears. People are continually disappearing in Italy. We are all in terror."

L.

Paris, France

Appreciation from Austria

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I can't thank you enough for all the values I find in UNITY. Please continue to send it to my new address.

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R. F. LEICK.

and Brotherhood. This impressive assembly today shows that the world's great faiths can stand together. By so doing, they can save the world from war."

Dr. Wei-Chang Che'n, head of the Chinese Legation in London, unavoidably out of town, sent his written message. Confucius, born 551 B. C., taught that "Within the four seas (meaning throughout the world) all men are brothers." "Confucius emphasized the goodness of all men everywhere, instead of the war-promoting doctrine that some people, in lands outside our own, are essentially alien, inferior—natural objects of suspicion, hatred and attack. Confucianism emphasizes the social duties to be performed by every individual. It has never recognized the soldier as of high social rank. Materialism, too, it subordinates to ethics. Politics and politicians are similarly subjected to Confucius' ethical ideals. And, one in every five of our whole globe's inhabitants, are followers of Confucianism—a mighty world influence for brotherhood and peace."

Maharajadhiraja (meaning king of kings) Bahadur of Burdwan, famous potentate of a rich native state in India, spoke for Hinduism. He quoted with approval the English writer who says: "The test of a dogma is its universality. As long as the Church of England preaches a single doctrine that the Brahman, the Buddhist, the Mussulman, the Parsee or any other sectarians, who are British subjects, cannot accept, it has no legitimate place in the counsels of the British commonwealth." He spoke of two Hindu terms, "Basthee" (Individuality) and "Samasthi" (Collectiveness). "It is through the Basthee that we must get to the Samasthi—through the faith of the individual to the Fellowship of Faiths; through the League of Neighbors to the League of Nations."

Judaism was represented by Rabbi Moses Gaster who said he spoke "for the smallest nation and the oldest faith. Why has the Hebrew faith prevailed unbroken through the ages? Because it represents the ideals of brotherhood and peace for which this Fellowship of Faiths is striving—mightily with glorious promise, inter-national, inter-racial, inter-religious, loyal to the spirit of the one God and to the universal brotherhood of mankind."

Mohammedanism or Islam, the Moslem faith, was represented by two speakers, Abdul Majid and Maulvi A. R. Dard. "If a Moslem refuses to believe in Jesus he ceases to be a Moslem. For, the follower of Islam believes in all the religious prophets; his faith includes the teachings of all religions. Islam means peace. The Moslem ten commandments include mercy as Jesus taught it on the Mount of Olives, self effacement, unity. No other religion is so tolerant. No other has so nearly approached the ideal of a League of Nations. Moslems believe fervently in the principles of the Fellowship of Faiths—criticizing no man's religion, emphasizing those spiritual and ethical fundamentals in which all great faiths agree."

The one woman on the program, Dr. Annie Besant, of India, England and the World at Large, spoke in the name of Theosophy but her oration—for it was truly an eloquent oration—interpreted the vision and purpose of the Fellowship of Faiths and prophesied its profound, wide-reaching influence for world unity and peace and brotherhood.

A Hindu devotional song, accompanied by a strangely gentle stringed instrument characteristic of the Orient, was sung in the middle of the program by Dilip Kumar Roy, in his picturesque purple Indian robes. The chanting of the Moslem call to prayer had been the opening music of the meeting. For thirty minutes before 5:15 p. m., when the meeting began, Mr. Allen Brown, organist and choirmaster of The City Temple, had played devotional organ music. Finally at 7 p. m., The City Temple's vested choir led the vast throng in singing, as none so well as London congregations can sing, the universal hymn written by the American poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Lord of all being, Throned afar."

Three-Fold Movement,
Fellowship of Faiths,
Union of East and West,
League of Neighbors.
(Address: 59 Egerton Gardens, London, S. W. 3.)

H. G. WELLS ON THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

"The League of Nations, that ill-planned and ill-supported assembly, has fallen back even from the poor courage of its earlier enterprises. As a means of settlement for minor international difficulties, which the States concerned want settled, it has a considerable usefulness; but as a guarantee against graver quarrels it is beneath contempt.

It is more than useless because it is dangerous; a great number of people in Europe and America are persuaded that it is a sort of war preventative, and that when they have paid their subscription to a local branch of the League of Nations Union and been to a lecture or a garden party once a year under its auspices, they have done all that they can be reasonably required to do to secure world peace forever. Upon many such excellent people the existence of the League of Nations acts as a mischievous opiate. They would be far more actively and intelligently at work against the war makers if it did not exist to lull them into a false security.—New York *Times*.

OCTOBER

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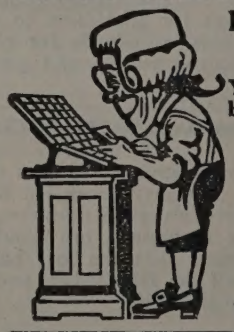

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